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"A SWORD SHALL PIERCE THY SOUL."

BY REV. J. H. DEALE.

Virile mother, lowly bending
O'er thy sweetly sleeping child,
With thy holy love attending
Hour by hour with glances mild
Thy dear treasure,
Happy if thy darling smile,—
Mark the light and shadow gleaming
O'er his face alternate play;
In those eyes so tender beaming
Read the word of coming day,
When the anguish
Keenest drives all joy away.
He who on thy bosom resting
Now in calm and peaceful sleep,
By sweet smiles his joy attesting,
Bitter tears in grief shall weep;
Tides of sorrow
Shall across his spirit sweep.
Swift the barbed arrow speeding,
Rankles in thy quivering heart;
Through thy soul, its well unheeding,
Strikes the force and deadly dart,
And its probing
Leaves a sharp and lasting smart.
Then thy heart shall taste the anguish
When his heart in sorrow breaks,
And thy soul in grief shall languish
When the cruel cross he takes,
And there dying
Full atonement thus he makes.
In the darkest shadows staying
Long to see thy stricken One,
Thou wilt hear him sweetly saying,
"Mother, he-re-bold thy son."
With this blessing
He will cry, "My work is done!"
Thirsty sword, the soul thou piercest
With thy cruel shafts of grief,
Deep shall feel the anguish fiercest
Which surges as all belief.
From such sorrow
Blessed Master, give relief!
Simeon's kind, prophetic blessing
Blended with words of ill;
While the infant Christ caressing
Made his heart with rapture thrill,
The soul of Mary
Mingled joy and sorrow fill.
For the mother deeply pondered
All things in her steadfast heart,
And mid daily duties wondered
If God would in love impart,
By His Spirit,
Grace to bear the deadly dart.

THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

What are the Plymouth Brethren? This is a question which many people are asking. An old lady at Hamilton camp-meeting last year, hearing the writer commend one of their doctrines, indignantly left the audience, exclaiming, "I have heard enough of the Plymouth Brethren and Beecher, too!" The Plymouth Brethren originated in Ireland about fifty years ago, but they met with the greatest success in Plymouth, Eng., where they once numbered 1,500. Their leading mind, if not their original founder, who is still living at an advanced age, is John Darby. Hence they are sometimes called Darbyites. The movement was at first a protest against ecclesiasticism, like that of George Fox, the first Quaker. Darby, a clergyman in the Church of England, renounced the Church and avowed all existing Church organizations to be a detriment to Christianity and obstructive of regeneration and the spiritual life. His little band of adherents claimed to be a reproduction of the primitive disciples—the only genuine specimens on earth. They refused to take any name, and disavowed that they were a sect. They called themselves the Brethren, as if they were the only persons in the bonds of Christian brotherhood. They are all preachers and all laymen. They insist that in Christianity there is no ministerial order. In this they resemble the Friends, but, unlike them, they lay great stress upon ordinances, especially the Lord's Supper. This they celebrate alone by themselves every Lord's day, and it constitutes the

chief part of their worship. They baptize by immersion. Meetings for worship, including only believers, are entirely different from meetings for preaching where the unregenerate are permitted to be present. They talk much about separation unto God, by which they mean abandonment of ecclesiastical organizations, and politics even, refraining from voting, insisting on deadness to the world and entire devotion to God by going forth and preaching Christ wherever they can get a hearer. They make constant use of the Bible in private and in public. They obey the command, "Take this Book and eat it."

Several years ago, D. L. Moody learned his method of Bible study and Bible readings from the English Plymouth Brethren. Hence their claim to be a product of their system. In his earnest exhortation to converts to join some Church, he certainly repudiates Plymouth come-out-ism, and he emphatically disclaims some of the theological tenets of the Brethren. Just how far he accords with them we do not know. He adopts their millennialism and preaches the personal reign of Christ on the earth as a reinforcement to the present agency of the Spirit and of preaching, which are regarded as inadequate for the successful evangelization of the whole world and the reconstruction of society on a Christian basis.

In England the Brethren are quite numerous and influential. Some, as Tregelles, are very scholarly. Such men as Varley, Lord Radstock, Blackstone and Müller are either professed Brethren, or are in strong sympathy with them. They have missionaries in India whose disorganizing influence has given our Methodist missionaries some trouble, and has caused one cessation and the loss of several promising missionary stations. The leaders of their doctrines have already spread widely in America, and their theological tenets are preached by leading ministers in Boston, New York, St. Louis and other cities, while their theories of Church organization are rejected.

The Brethren, having no written creed and no Church discipline, are exposed to constant schisms, so that there are several sorts in England, and two sets in Boston at the present time who repudiate each other quite cordially. The anti-Darby party aver that the Holy Spirit has drawn the portrait of John Darby in 3 John, 9th and 10th verses. But in the worst of their theological tenets they are quite generally agreed—their antinomianism. We have heard Mr. Darby say that if any man had anything to do with the law of God, even to obey it, he was a sinner by that very act.

Their primal error seems to be in their conception of the Atonement. They teach that sin, as a kind of personality, was condemned on the cross of Christ and put away forever. Whose sins? Those of the believer. All his sins, present and future, are swept away forever in the Atonement, and the believer is to have no more concern for his past or future sins, since they were blotted out eighteen hundred years ago. Here is their most mischievous tenet respecting faith and its relation to the Atonement and to eternal life: One momentary act of faith renders the Atonement eternally available, and secures everlasting life. Hence the younger Dr. Tying, in a recent sermon odorous of Plymouth, declared that in that act of faith the believer's "responsibility ends," and his probation terminates.

Their view of the Atonement is the old and exploded commercial theory—so much suffering by Christ equals so much suffering by the sinners saved by Christ. With this theory of the Atonement, they cannot proclaim its universality without teaching Universalism. So they make a distinction between the death of Christ for all and the blood of Christ shed only for those who are, through faith, sprinkled and cleansed thereby. By this means God saves believers, and presents "an aspect of mercy" toward all mankind.

Their idea of justification is not that it is a present act, taking place in the mind of God in favor of the penitent believer, but it is a past, completed, wholesale transaction on Calvary ages ago. Faith puts a man into the realization of the fact that all his foreseen sins were then cast behind God's back forever, and that he has a through ticket to heaven.

While thus repelled by unworthy representatives and by a false image of Christianity, Julian felt the positive attractions of classic heathenism. By an alliance with Neo Platonism the classic system had gained a new lease of life, especially among the rhetoricians and their pupils in the East. A romantic veneration for the past naturally took delight in reviewing the old mythologies, and at the same time a philosophizing temper could find satisfaction in giving to these mythologies some reconstrued interpretation. Not a little patronage was given to these devotees of classic literature, and they were able to gather flourishing schools at Miletus, Ephesus, Antioch, Athens, and other places. They were not, in general, men of great profundity, but they had polish and pretension on their side. They prided themselves on being the representatives of culture in the empire. Christianity was derided as barbarous and uncouth—a religion for the ignorant multitude. All the truth which it contained they claimed to have also in their system, only in much finer form. Like pretentious critics of later times, they set themselves over against Christian coarseness as the school of refinement and wisdom, moving amid the chaste ideals of classic taste and beauty.

We are impressed in reading the Plymouth writings with the perpetual confusion of the term, "sinful flesh," with the body, as though sin could be predicated of the material part of man. Some even speak of the hand and the foot as committing sin. Thus the old error of Oriental philosophy and of Gnosticism, that inherent and unconquerable evil lurks in matter, lies at the bottom of the Plymouth theology.

Of course they strenuously antagonize unwrought and personal holiness as an utter impossibility, since the old man has a lease of the soul which does not expire till death. Yet they insist that they are perfectly holy in Christ "up there," while perfectly carnal and corrupt "down here" in their mortal state. They dwell ad nauseam upon the distinction between the standing in Christ and the state. The standing in Christ attained by a single act of faith is the great and decisive thing; the moral state is a small affair, having not the least power to damage the standing. David in Uriah's bed was in a sad moral predicament, but his judicial standing in Christ was not in the least impaired. All that he lost was his communion with God; all that he sought for was restored joy. God did not see his adultery and murder. These were covered by the blood of atonement shed in the divine purpose before the foundation of the world, and put away forever before David was born. A favorite proof text for this abominable dogma, which lays the axe at the root of the whole system of Christian morals, is Num. xxiii, 21: "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel," correctly rendered by Rosenmüller: "God cannot endure to behold iniquity cast upon Jacob, nor can He bear to see affliction, vexation, trouble, wrong against Israel."

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

BY PROF. H. C. SHELTON.

It is not strange that the apostasy of Julian should have become incorporated into the very name by which he is known in history. That a member of the family which had brought Christianity from the horrors of the Diocletian persecution, enthroned it in the palace of the Cæsars, and given it a half century of patronage; that a nephew of the great Constantine should turn his back upon the triumphant faith and espouse heathenism, could not fail to produce a profound impression. To the minds of Christians it was as if an atheist had suddenly come forth from the very centre of the Church.

Yet the apostasy of Julian was no miracle of caprice. He had clearly defined antecedents. On the one hand it was a strange obduracy which Julian had received from Christianity, or rather from its unfaithful representatives. To the sons of Constantine, and in particular to Constantius, he owed it that his dearest friends, his father and his oldest brother, had been slaughtered. Thus orphaned, he was made an object of suspicious tutelage. An obvious attempt was made to hold him aloof from heathen culture and influence. All the instincts of independence in his nature were challenged to elect the forbidden field. And to this bent his spiritual advisers were able to offer no proper antidote through a positive commendation of Christianity. They were probably themselves destitute of an inner acquaintance with the Christian system, and incompetent to lead their pupil even to the threshold of the truth as it is in Christ. In fine, as respects his relations to Christianity, Julian was from first to last an alien; strictly speaking, he never became an apostate, for he never knew Christianity in its proper essence.

While thus repelled by unworthy representatives and by a false image of Christianity, Julian felt the positive attractions of classic heathenism. By an alliance with Neo Platonism the classic system had gained a new lease of life, especially among the rhetoricians and their pupils in the East. A romantic veneration for the past naturally took delight in reviewing the old mythologies, and at the same time a philosophizing temper could find satisfaction in giving to these mythologies some reconstrued interpretation. Not a little patronage was given to these devotees of classic literature, and they were able to gather flourishing schools at Miletus, Ephesus, Antioch, Athens, and other places. They were not, in general, men of great profundity, but they had polish and pretension on their side. They prided themselves on being the representatives of culture in the empire. Christianity was derided as barbarous and uncouth—a religion for the ignorant multitude. All the truth which it contained they claimed to have also in their system, only in much finer form. Like pretentious critics of later times, they set themselves over against Christian coarseness as the school of refinement and wisdom, moving amid the chaste ideals of classic taste and beauty.

The prepared heart of Julian easily succumbed to the lure of this cultured heathenism. In secret he had been an ardent devotee of the same for several years when the fall of Constantius (361 A. D.) opened at once the pathway to the imperial throne and to an unqualified declaration of his faith. As emperor he made it his leading aim to restore the classic faith and worship. In laboring for this result he was not above the use of material inducements. Like Constantine before him, he felt that there were proselyting expedients aside from arguments. Even his friend Libanius allows his use of gifts and honors as bribes to win adherents to his religion.

But the chief dependence of Julian, in his efforts to reinstate heathenism, was placed upon the following means: He decided, in the first place, while avoiding violence, to humble Christianity as far as possible. His knowledge of history persuaded him that to make martyrs would be a dangerous and ill-advised course. He thought that a systematic attempt to degrade Christianity would be far more effective. While, therefore, proclaiming religious toleration, he continually discriminated in favor of heathenism. He sought in particular to brand Christianity as a religion of ignorance, and forbade Christians to appear as teachers of the classics. It is a contradiction, said he to his opponents, for you to declare the classics a compound of falsehoods, and still act as teachers and interpreters of them. "Hold you to your ignorance; the art of persuasion is ours. Your teaching has only one word, 'believe!' Be content, therefore, with your believing." With like design he forbade Christians holding offices connected with judicial functions. He also improved every opportunity to heap sarcasms upon the Christians and to perplex their consciences. He designedly surrounded his own image with the images of the gods, so that Christians could not offer the customary token of respect to the imperial bust without at the same time rendering a seeming acknowledgment to the heathen deities. In all this there was, it is true, no drawing of the sword; yet it was as remote from genuine tolerance as a Diocletian edict. Moreover, it is highly probable that Julian, had he held the throne long enough, would have resorted to open violence. His dealing with Athanasius shows the venom rankling in his heart. As his own words indicate, he banished him from Egypt for so other cause than his too powerful antagonism to heathenism. "The death of Athanasius," says Gibbon, "was not expressly commanded, but the prefect of Egypt understood that it was safer for him to exceed than to neglect the orders of an irritated master. The archbishop prudently retired to the monasteries of the desert, eluded with his usual dexterity the snares of the enemy, and lived to triumph over the ashes of a prince who in words of formidable import had declared his wish that the whole venom of the Galilean school was contained in the single person of Athanasius."

The other means upon which Julian placed special dependence was a reform of heathenism itself. He believed that there was virtue enough in the system to ensure its triumph, if only its professors would be earnest in living out and advocating its principles. He set himself an eminent example of his theory. He cultivated a strict morality, sacrificed with surprising assiduity, put aside ostentation, and lived with a plainness in marked contrast with the style of his Christian predecessors. He taught that the priests should hold themselves aloof from all impure associations, avoid assembly theatrics, and give themselves entirely to things sacred. He urged, also, that they should take pains to instruct the people and look carefully after the poor. Here the reviler of Christianity was evidently copying its precepts and customs.

It was just in this direction of reform that Julian experienced the most humiliating failure. He counted upon a moral earnestness that was by no means to be found among the heathen martyrs, or even self-denying advocates, of a cause did not exist in their midst. Many of his own party became weary of his exhortations and ascetic restrictions. In Antioch especially (whither he came in 362), his revival efforts met with flat indifference. The people were ready to admire and to praise him as emperor, but they wanted no yoke of devotion bound to their necks. Some did not hesitate even to satirize his excessive sacrificing. "No wonder," said they, "that meat is dear so long as the emperor himself has turned slaughterer." It became a popular jest, that if Julian should return victorious from his contemplated Persian expedition, "the breed of horned cattle must infallibly be extinguished."

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In the year 363, Julian, having completed his preparations, started upon his Persian expedition. There was a feeling that in the issue of this campaign a judgment from God would be revealed, either to the signal advantage of heathenism or Christianity. The reply of a Christian to Libanius shows what some were expecting from the rolling of Providence. Asked the rhetorician scornfully: "What is your Carpenter making now?" "He is making," was the calm reply, "a coffin for the emperor." A Persian arrow brought the fulfillment. Julian ended his career beyond the Tigris. It is tradition rather than authentic history which has put upon his dying lips the words: "Galilee, thou hast conquered!" Another tradition reports that as he felt the deadly effect of his wound, he exclaimed in terms of complaint to his patron deity: "O sun, thou hast deceived me!" Whether this was the expression of Julian or not, it was certainly the sentiment of some of his friends. Libanius openly reproached the gods for allowing such a man as Constantius to reign twenty years while the time allotted to Julian was scarcely twenty months. But accounts of heathen friends who claim to have been eye-witnesses, assign no exclamation of chagrin or disappointment to Julian. On the contrary, they represent him as spending his last hours in elevated philosophic discourse. To us it is matter of little concern to decide what reflections oppressed or cheered Julian as he came to the closing scene. In any case enough of retribution fell upon the alien from Christ, that he should look with awe upon his fate. He thought to stand forth covered with glory as the restorer of classic heathenism. He stands, in fact, a monument of its irrevocable overthrow. The stronger his efforts to revive the fallen system, the more conclusive he made the evidence that the breath of life had departed.

Though exhibiting many brilliant qualities, Julian stood far below the self-rank in greatness. He lacked the self-abandon which belongs to the highest type of character. Strauss and Gibbon alike complain that he showed too much design and calculation—in all his writing and acting presented too much the appearance of one practicing before a mirror. Again, his dedication of his best efforts to an Utopian scheme speaks against the soundness of his judgment. The fact which his uncle had perceived a half century before, namely, that classic heathenism was dead and Christianity must take its place, he seemed unable to grasp. He described Constantine's work as the mere planting of an Aionian garden whose bloom would soon wither. The description applied rather to his own work. The words with which Athanasius comforted despairing Christians were abundantly fulfilled: *Nabucula cadit, transit!*—"It is only a little cloud, it will pass over!" This wide mistaking of his age must cause Julian to be numbered with romantic and brilliant minds rather than with those of clear perceptions and comprehensive thought. Strauss was not far out of the way in calling him "the romancer upon the throne of the Cæsars." He acted emphatically the part of a romancer or enthusiast in his veneration for, and attempted restoration of, an obsolete past.

LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

MR. EDITOR: Recurring to the subject of our conversation the other day, I believe that, while God intends that every saved soul shall witness for Jesus and help Him to rescue the perishing, He specially calls, commissions by His Spirit, and in due time designates by the "laying on of the hands of the presbytery," the men whom He selects as ambassadors. It is peculiarly the province of the King to select His own

ambassadors. Ordination can add nothing to the divine call and commission, but simply certifies to that fact, to all whom it may concern.

The divine call of an ambassador involves the obligation to go wherever the Sovereign may order him. In determining his personal line of duty under the broad commission "to preach the Gospel to every creature," he should begin with the first "creature" he may meet and enter the first needy field open to him. That may open his way to others wider and more needy. God wants him, with "a single eye" to His glory, to use his own best judgment and common sense as to the field most needy, and to which he may be best adapted, and advance on that line, subject to any special interposition, or call, of the Holy Spirit.

He may thus believe it his duty to go to Asia, but on his way the Spirit interposes and "forbids him." He does not get discouraged and "locate," but says, "Well, Bithynia is as needy as Asia," and on he goes for Bithynia, without the delay of an hour; but "the Spirit suffers him." Then he says, "Thank the Lord, there is an open road to Troas!" and on to Troas he goes, and the very first night he receives a special call to cross the sea into Europe. With the morning sun he takes his bearings. The vision of the man from Macedonia—"Well, there is something under that, no doubt, but that of itself is rather a dreamy warrant for a mission of so great responsibility. I am an ambassador for Christ. He has a waiting work for me somewhere. He has barred my way to Asia and Bithynia. I have got to the end of this land. Here is a ship to sail immediately for Philippi; no field more needy, nor more important as a key to 'the regions beyond.' All these facts concurring, by the exercise of his reason and judgment he makes out a clear case, 'assuredly gathering that the Lord has called him to preach the Gospel in Macedonia.'"

About twenty young men, professing to be called to the work of the Christian ministry, essayed to go into the New York Conference last spring, and as many more were on their way at the same time into the New England Conference, but "the Spirit suffered them not." Where then? I would say to each one, "Young man, as surely as I call God has called you to preach His Gospel. He has a field needing you just now. Go! and 'as you go, preach'; and if you don't find it this side of the sea, go on to Troas. If you there meet with a missionary secretary or Bishop who will give you an appointment beyond, you may 'assuredly gather' that the Lord has called you to fill that appointment. If not thus called by secretary or Bishop, go, pay your own expenses, or work your passage before the mast, if need be, and keep going until you find your field! If not an organized work, no matter. Thank God, that He can trust you to organize a work under the leading of His Spirit."

We have vast regions of such needy fields west, between the Mississippi and the Pacific; and south, all the way to Cape Horn, and the empires of heathenism beyond. Thus Brother Robbins, a graduate of Indiana Asbury University, the first man who came to Bombay to help me in my work in India, came without an official appointment. He paid his own way, and reported himself to me in Bombay. His papers certifying his ministerial standing at home were all right. Besides full English-speaking work, he learned to preach in the Marathi language the first year of his residence there. Don't suppose that if God does not send you by a regular appointment of the Church authorities, and on a first class ticket, you may not be called of God to a foreign field. Some of the most effective foreign missionaries whom I could name, were not sent out regularly, but were in due time recognized and honored by the Church. We should guard against schism, or any tendencies that way, but don't suppose for a moment that God will limit Himself to any particular official line by which His men shall go to Macedonia or to India. Dr. Thoburn, of Calcutta, is in great need of half a dozen more young ministers than we can possibly send, for want of money to pay their passage. What can be done in such a case? It is a delicate matter to prescribe self-sacrifice for others, but I'll tell what I intend to do. Providing on a most economical scale for the support of my family, and laying out all the funds I can, to pay the passage of missionaries to India, I am going, by the will of God, to my next field as a *steerage* passenger. The coming down will involve a sacrifice, not of health, but of the reputed dignity of social status—a very costly article at home or abroad, and not a thing to be despised. The real dignity of a true ambassador of Christ will keep, in the steerage, and survive even "bonds and imprisonment." A little humiliation and discipline by the way, may help us all the better to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ" when we "get to the front."

October 1.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

CONSCIENCE.

I define conscience as that within us which not only perceives what is right in motives, but also feels that what is right ought to be chosen by the will. You may be puzzled by the question, whether conscience is not sometimes inoperative or dead. I know that this feeling that what is right ought to be followed, may have greater or less force; but the perception that there is a distinction between right and wrong in motives, or between meaning to do well and meaning to do ill, I hold to be clear in every man down to the limits of sanity; and that, although the magnetic needle may not always be followed, although the crew may be crazy and not look at the card, there is in the needle a power that makes it point to the north where ever it is balanced on a hair point and allowed to move without fetters. We are so made that the distinction between right and wrong in motives is as evident to us in the sphere of moral action as the superiority in size of a whole over a part is in the sphere of mathematics. In the region of ethics it is axiomatic truth that religious science insists upon, just as in the region of mathematics it is axiomatic truth that mathematical science insists upon. I beg Mr. Mills' pardon; I am not using the word intuitive, which he dislikes and which Kant honors. Here and now I insist on nothing more than the proposition that self-evident truths are the basis of ethics, and that self-evident truths are the basis of ethics, and that we perceive all such truths directly. They are matters of supreme certainty. There is a difference between the right hand and the left in the soul's choices among motives, and men are as sure concerning that as they are concerning the proposition that every change must have an adequate cause. Distinguish, then, between the fingers that pluck down the fruit, or the intellectual faculties that discuss motives, and the moral sense that tastes them. I may almost define conscience as the tongue that tastes the flavor of intentions. The chief advances of science have come from the study of unexplored realms. We have in conscience a perception of the distinction between right and wrong. But what lies behind that perception? The difference exists in the nature of things, apparently. But what lies behind the nature of things? There is in conscience a feeling that we ought to follow what we perceive to be a right motive, and ought not to follow what we perceive to be a bad one. But what lies behind the terrific weight of the word ought?

Take the single syllable *ought* and weigh it, my surprising skeptical friends, and do so according to the sternest rules of the scientific method. How are we to ascertain what this word weighs unless it be by experiment? What experiment shall we try with it, if it be not that of weighing over again, and something very heavy? What shall we weigh against the one word, *ought*? Here is a soldier with an empty sleeve. There was a day when the question arose whether he ought to go to the front in the war. He had to maintain father and mother; and the word *ought* is supposed to be a very weighty one. Heavier than the word father, and mother is the word wife. He weighed that word and the others with it against the one word, *ought*; and father and mother and wife went up in the scale and *ought* went down, and he went to the front. I ought—scientifically known to weigh anything? Here is another soldier who had father, mother, wife, child and children to weigh against not insignificant syllables. What if this soldier and that could have put into the left-hand scale all that man value in wealth and honor, or reputation? I will not suppose the word *ought* to have any other meaning than reputation; for I cannot weigh *ought* against *ought*; and a man ought to maintain his honor. We must not be so unscientific as to weigh a thing against itself. But we put in here, outward standing, about men and wealth and life. If you please, sum up the globe as so much silver and the seas as so much gold, and cast the hosts of heaven as diamonds on a necklace, into one scale, and if there is not in it any part of the word *ought*—if *ought* is absent in the one scale and present in the other—up will go your scale laden with the universe, and a crackling paper scroll is carried aloft in a configuration ascending toward the stars. Is it not both a curious and an appalling fact, this weight of the word *ought*—and yet a fact absolutely undeniable? Where is the materialist or the pantheist who dares assert that I am making this syllable too heavy? You may weigh against it word everything but God, and it will outweigh all but Himself. I cannot imagine God weighed against *ought*. Precisely here is the explanation of a mystery. God is in that word *ought*, and therefore it outweighs all but God.

Whenever the moral law acts, there Christianity finds the personal omnipresence of Him whom we dare not name—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—Creator—Redeemer—Sanctifier—our God, who was and is and is to come. At this miraculous hour, the Light that lighten every man that cometh into the world is, not was. It is scientifically known that this Light is its temple in conscience. But it has been proclaimed for ages by Christianity, that God is One, and that our Lord is as personally present in every breath of the Holy Spirit in the latest days, as He was in that breath which He breathed on His disciples when He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Our cheeks may well grow white and the blood of the ages leap with a new inspiration, when, standing between Christianity and science, we find the thunders of the one and the whippers of the other uttering the same truths. There are connections between religion and science here of the most overwhelming moment; and in the whole field of truth concerning conscience there are the vastest unexplored realms.—REV. JOSEPH COOK, as reported in the Boston Advertiser.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW POEM BY MR. BRYANT.

[At the Methodist Sunday-school reunion in Hartford the other day, the following poetical contribution from William Cullen Bryant was read for the first time.]

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit in the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just gladden and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

Oh Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light!

—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

THE SOLUTION.

BY REV. W. A. DOTSON.

It is with feelings of relief that we turn from all the dark pictures and pessimistic views of life, to find the key which unlocks every mystery and solves every enigma—the optimism of the Bible. That which ought not to be, has been introduced by the unlawful venture of human freedom, and this world is under a curse.

This world is not intended to be the rest or final home of man. Therefore its pleasures are ephemeral and its joys wither and die. Awards and punishments are here partial and incomplete, and are to be supplemented by the reckonings of a future day.

This life is a probation, with its dawnings and successive stages of development under the law of sin and death. Coincident with our entrance upon this probationary career, and antecedent to it, grace begins its quickening reign; so that, "where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded." In the economy of this grace, suffering and trial are designed as disciplinary agencies, and the light afflictions which are the result of our upward strivings—our efforts to reach the true good and the true joy—work for us a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Each cloud that dims thy upward way,
Shall more exult the glorious day
That glows the land of love."

Passion, self-will and lust, though rampant now, may be dethroned, and the nobler graces of the Spirit bring every thought, feeling and emotion into captivity to Christ. Satan may advance "in hollow cubes, training his devilish engine, impaled on every side with shadowing squadrons deep," but the decree is gone forth: "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Misery loves company; joy must have companionship. And to meet these wants the God-man entered into the highest, deepest, holiest sanctuary of human experience, weighed its heaviest burdens, measured its truest joys, sounded its deepest griefs, consecrated its bitterest tears, and fully comprehended its conditions and possibilities.

And now, from amid the thorns and thistles, springing forth under the curse, we may sing, with exulting hearts—

"In every pang that wounds the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

There can be no virtue without trial, and, entering into closest sympathy with humanity in its sufferings, He has given encouragement to the highest and most heroic forms of effort and endurance.

"It is through tears our spirits grow;
'Tis in the tempest souls expand,
If it but teaches us to go
To Him who holds it in His hand."

Trials come in a thousand different forms, and as many avenues are open to their approach. They come from physical ailments, aesthetic tastes, social habits, bodily ills, the desire for gain, the love of luxury and of ease. They come through every contact with the unrenowned mind of the world, and from the assaults of Satan. They come with the warm throbbings of our youthful lives, keep pace with the measured tread of manhood's noon, and depart not from the descending footsteps of decrepitude and age. "Lead us not into temptation," should ever remind us of our utter weakness and absolute dependence upon Almighty support. But we may not hope to be entirely free from either disciplinary trial or the fiery darts of the enemy, until we reach that land into which shall enter nothing that deceiveth or maketh a lie.

"Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross
In every trial here,
Shall beat thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there."

Trials encountered through a departure from the path of duty, are sure to bring forth the bitterest fruits; for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But sufferings growing out of an unbending purpose to work out the grand mission of life, become ministries to the growth of virtue, chosen forces in the development of a symmetrical Christian manhood. Still, sincere prayers for deliverance are always heard and answered. The cause may not be removed, or wholly taken away; release from the post of duty where the storm is gathering, might imperil the dearest interests of our fellows; but strength to endure the one and to hold the other will not be denied. If the cup is bitter, an angel will strengthen; if there is a thorn in the flesh as the messenger of Satan, "My grace is sufficient for thee,"

meets the want. Here are hope and help for all. God is not straitened for expedients to deliver those who trust in Him and "do good."

"Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

"Being," or life, then, is a sublime fact, a most solemn reality. As to the fact of a life we are powerless to do or to undo; but, emphatically, life, a man's life, is to each and to all a most splendid and inspiring possibility. "Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to confront eternally with. Work, then, like a star, unobscured, yet unceasing."

"We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not figures on a dial."

MARS AND SATURN.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

Four beautiful planetary worlds have now, for several weeks, been visible in our evening skies. Venus is away in the west and near her setting, sinking below the horizon in the early evening. Jupiter, greatest and most glorious of these worlds, while Venus is sinking to her golden rest, is reposing in his tranquil splendor near his culmination. Mars and Saturn, meanwhile, are ascending in company the eastern skies; that is, they seem to be in company, being only seven or eight degrees apart, but like much of the celestial scenery, their companionship is only apparent, as we shall presently notice. The "red planet Mars" is now (Oct. 1), along these blessed evenings, beaming forth those brightest, "sweetest influences" that he ever sheds upon this world of ours. For he has, up to late, been making his nearest approach to us that he ever makes, so that in these days and nights he and we are in the same direction from the sun as we are flying afar on our respective paths through infinite space. So, at present, we are comparative neighbors—only about forty million miles, or somewhat less, intervening between him and us.

But we must soon part company; for though both of us are drifting in the same general direction, yet we, in our "inside track," are gaining upon him constantly—gaining to the amount of three hundred thousand miles every twenty-four hours; and shall come round and reach the goal, that is, some glorious star beyond, in about half the time wherein his farther, grander flight will bring him thither. So he follows us on forever, ever following, ever losing, winding off his vaster circuit once only, while ours is finished once and almost again.

We just now noticed that Mars and we are, at this present, in the same direction from the sun, or, as the astronomers say, we are in conjunction; and if some being were standing in the sun, like that great spocalyptic angel, and were he now looking hitherward, he would see Mars and our planet hovering near each other; like as we, on looking starward, so often see two beautiful gems of night in close proximity.

But it will not be long so. The varying revolutions of these two worlds will, at some time not far off, show them on opposite sides of the great sun instead of their present neighborly positions. When that transpires, Mars will be as far from us as now, added to the entire diameter of the earth's orbit. In other words, instead of being only about forty millions of miles away, he will be at least two hundred and twenty-five millions of miles—more than five times his present distance. So, if you will indulge a telescopic view of him now, and another when he is gone round to his opposite position, you will observe that in that far-off situation he shows twenty-five times less than now.

But, alas! this most beautiful object which we now so much delight to gaze upon every starry night, is, after all, not so very near to us. The moon which seems so near and which we all love so much, is yet a great way off. It is ten times as far hence as the distance around this great globe of ours. But should we essay to journey toward Mars, and alight at the moon on our way, we should yet have a hundred and fifty times as far to go to reach that planet; and that, too, now at its nearest approximation to us. And if our journey thither should be at the rate of one thousand miles every twenty-four hours, we should step ashore upon that world some time during the year 1908—one hundred and eleven years hence.

And there, seemingly in company with Mars, lies the great planet Saturn. Compared with Mars his face is dim and misty as he reposes serenely there. He looks to be more diminutive than Mars; yet it would require 7,700 globes like Mars to be rolled into one to make the great Saturn. So, also, as I look up at those two planets, they seem at an equal distance from me. But far off as we have just seen Mars to be, yet Saturn is twenty-two times farther; so that had some one left that planet on the day when the Saviour Christ left this world, and had flown hitherward at the rate of a mile every minute, he would have arrived on the earth in 1770.

Washington, Oct. 1, 1877.

Ninety-six British peers have signed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury protesting against the use of the "Priest in Absolution," and declaring that the practice of auricular confession on the principles set forth in that book will destroy all friendly relations existing between laity and clergy.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Mr. Editor: Our camp-meetings in this section have, as I judge from what I have seen of them and heard from others, been well conducted, and have met with a fair share, judging from past years, of success. I could not but note frequently by how few active, devoted spirits these great meetings sometimes seem to be rescued from being a failure, and lifted into, at least, partial success. To make them fully such, it is needful that the pentecostal condition be fully met—to be "of one accord in one place."

One great motive, as I know from an intense and delightful experience, and from comparison with the working power of other motives in past times, and on past occasions in myself, has been that furnished by the eschatological theory of pre-millennialism. To my experience there is nothing like it, as a motive for earnest work for Christ. The only reason why good men are found decrying pre-millennialism as an unpractical scheme, as wanting harmony with the latest command of Christ to preach the Gospel in all the world to every creature, is because they do not understand the theory, but, more especially, are not millenarians. For when one becomes entirely possessed and intensely in love with the epiphany of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that it is to him what it was to Paul, "the blessed hope," the "sure and steadfast" anchorage of the soul; "the pole star of the mind;" that for which he longs and which leads him constantly to cry out, in inspired Johannine language, in response to the oft-repeated assurance of Jesus, that He will "quickly come," "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and when he perceives that all—that the one real thing—which causes the consummation to tarry, is a people prepared for His coming and His kingdom, and knows not but the very effort in which singly or with others he is engaged, or into which he may enter, may complete the number or perfect the graces; especially when he believes the glorious appearing is near, and by his effort is hastened to its coming; who cannot see, even while they do not feel it, that such a motive must be one of the most moving and self-sacrificing that love for Christ can possibly beget, in the regenerate mind? Hence, I wonder not at the zeal of a Moody, of a Needham, of a Morehouse, a Varley, a Spurgeon, a Tyng, a White, an Anderson, a Palmer, and other indefatigable heralds of Christ's power. With some of these "burning and shining lights" of modern evangelistic labors, I have conversed on this subject, and know what is the leading motive which thrills in their inmost being, and moves them to do and just now, in this village, my present residence—Schuylerville—everything is astir with preparations for the coming centennial celebration of the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, which took place within the limits of this place, October 17th, 1777. The corner-stone for a monumental pile, which is to rear its lofty summit on the heights immediately in the rear of the village, is then to be laid, with Masonic ceremonies. The foundation is now being laid, and what was somewhat remarkable, in digging for it two hundred years ago raged up and down this exceedingly beautiful valley of the upper Hudson—were thrown to the surface. This monument, which is to be about thirty feet square at the base, and to rise to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, will have an apartment at the entrance of about twelve feet square, with four niches, to contain three statues of Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, leaving the fourth empty, with the sad name of Arnold engraven upon the lower side of the niche, thus recognizing in this peculiarly appropriate manner, that man, who, as orator Townsend remarked the other day at the Bemis Heights celebration, "but for his crime, would have led all the heroes of that glorious fight, in the admiration of mankind."

But in connection with our preparation for the celebration, we are having quite a fight over the liquor question. This is the skeleton in all large political and patriotic assemblies, at least, in this run-ridden commonwealth. At Bennington, just a few miles from here, because it is in the glorious transition State of Vermont, where Christian prohibitory legislation prevails, and where a healthy public sentiment exists in the enforcement of the law, prohibiting the sale of these demoralizing and damning drinks, they could have an immense and yet sober crowd. But at Bemis Heights, on the 19th of September last, eight miles below here, the scene of drunkenness was fearful in the extreme. We now fear a similar scene of intoxication in this village. But some of us, in God's name and by His help, rouse ourselves to prevent it, at least, to a good degree. Our excise law is, like all license laws, practically free-ree. We have no public, moral sentiment to rally or rely on to aid us. A few have got to fight.

"Though banded devils throng our path,
Like beasts of prey to work our ill."

This world's proud king, with vengeful power,
Marshals his demon hosts in fight;
We calmly bide his fiercest might;
Doomed soon to lose the usurper's crown,
Christ's coming soon will strike him down."

At any rate, it is happiness to free oneself from responsibility, and like Whitfield, when he rebuked the profane swearer, if no other good is done, secure, as he said he did by doing it, "a soft pillow." Intemperance in this State, or, at least, in this section of it,

is on the increase. Rom-hops, open bars, drunken men abound, and earth and hell seem brought nearer together by this one sin than by any other. The men of influence either openly connive at it, or else cherish a fearful apathy concerning it. Active temperance men are comparatively few, and but little is done in communities, or meetings, to raise and organize any moral force, to enforce what legal restrictions there are in the excise law of the State. This, to some, may look like a soon coming millennium; but to me it is only a reminder of the words of the angel to Daniel the prophet: "The wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand;" and of Paul the apostle: "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." However, the triumph of the wicked is short. A. F. BAILEY.

Schuylerville, N. Y., Oct. 3.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

The Indian Commission, accompanied by their white friends, Gen. Crook and Mr. Welsh, of Philadelphia, reached Washington on the 26th of last month. This delegation of Indians is the most important of any that has ever visited our city, as it represents ten thousand warriors. Some of the visitors have been here before (Red Cloud and Spotted Tail), but the most of them have never before seen sights of civilization. Several of these chiefs participated in the Custer massacre.

I was present at their interview with the President, and could but note the difference between these Indians and the former delegations which I had seen in the East room of the White House. Formerly they could not be induced to sit in chairs. At the meeting with

Hole-in-the-day, and his band, they sat on the floor in a circle, cross-legged, tailor-fashion, with a hatchet and a pipe on the same hand, laid down in the center of the circle. After the council the pipe was filled, and all, including the President, took a whiff.

The present delegation, which consisted of about twenty-five chiefs, all sat in chairs in a semi-circle facing the south, and fronting the President and his cabinet officers. Secretary Schurz seated to the right of the President and nearest the Indians.

These Indians had no tomahawks. Two of the chiefs—Sharp Nose and Spotted Tail—each laid a pipe at the feet of the President. He should have picked them up and taken a whiff from each, but he did not understand Indian etiquette, and consequently the presentation had to be made over again. Some of these Indians are almost black.

They spoke with great energy, using head, hands and arms, to enforce what they said. I could not understand the words, but their gestures were eloquent to me. The tame manner in which the interpreter, a half-breed about twenty years old, with his left hand on his hip and his right fingers playing with his vest-button, delivered their meaning to us, destroyed half the force of the words.

The Indians all wore pants and shirts, and some of them vests. Their heads were ornamented with eagle's feathers, some head-gear reaching nearly to the floor. Many had breast-plates woven of porcupine quills, and some wore on their breasts large silver crosses. These last were Catholics, and asked for Catholic priests to be sent to them. A few wore finely-wrought shoulder coverings, somewhat in the shape of a lady's long scarf. All wore moccasins wrought in beads. The interpreters, only, wore coats. Fastened to some of the head-ornaments were long streamers of fine silken hair, which evidently grew on the head of a white female. Some of this hair was of the color of Gen. Custer's curls, which were long and flowed over his shoulders. I wondered if it were possible that these silken locks could be worn as a trophy of the Custer massacre.

The President's reply to the Indians was delivered in a cool and steady manner. He read from notes, and waited patiently for the different interpreters to communicate what he read to the chiefs of the different tribes.

The names of the Indians all have a meaning; to us they sound foolish. Among those present here were, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Little-Big-Man, Little Wound, Sharp Nose, White Tail, Big-Man-afraid-of-his-Horse, Big Roads, Touch-the-clouds, Red Bear, Black Coal, and many others. The tribes represented are the Ogallala, Arapahoes, Brules, Snake, and several other smaller tribes. At the Washington House, where they stopped, they gave a real war-dance to an invited audience.

They seem anxious to own farms, to have churches and schools, and to live in all respects like the white man. They speak of their children as if they loved them and wished to live only for their good. I longed for a school-house in the wilderness that I might instruct these children of the forest. The chiefs all had their pictures taken at Brady's national gallery, and it was amusing to see them looking at themselves on paper; though, strange to say, their countenances express neither wonder, joy nor sorrow. They seem like blocks of dark marble.

Our Labor Commission is doing a good work. It has been in full operation not yet one month, and nearly one thousand persons have been employed, some being furnished work at home, and others being sent to places at a distance. Hon. T. L. Tullock, of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, is the superintendent, and he is fully competent to fill the arduous and difficult position. Our Protestant Methodist brethren

are enjoying a revival. Many have been added to the Church. Our city is filling up rapidly, Congress is coming, and the wise ones say we are to have a gay and a warm session.

Sept. 27, 1877. L. E. D.

MAINE CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS FOR PRESIDING ELDERS.

BY REV. W. S. JONES.

In examining the Minutes of Conference for last year, we have been struck with the great inequality of apportionment to the several charges for this claim. Not that we expect or desire that each charge shall pay an equal amount, but we think there should be a uniform basis of apportionment to the several charges. We have endeavored to find in the sums allotted such a basis, but have failed to discover any other than that which fancy or opinion dictates.

It is not based upon the salaries of the preachers, for in places paying the same salaries the widest difference is made, and some paying the smaller salary have to pay the larger amount to the Presiding Elder, as the following facts will prove:—

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Places.	Salaries Ministers.	P. E.'s claims.
Portland, Pine St.,	\$1,100	\$110
Saco,	1,300	75
Biddeford,	1,250	60
Sacramento,	750	80
Gorham,	800	48
York,	700	30
Shapleigh,	450	30
Kennebunkport,	700	40
Buxton and Sandish,	610	41

GARDINER DISTRICT.

Places.	Salaries Ministers.	P. E.'s claims.
Gardiner,	1,500	80
Bath, Wesley Church,	1,300	80
Beth, Beacon St.,	1,000	60
Autumn,	1,000	35
Brunswick,	1,000	30
Leicester, Hammond St.,	1,200	40
Mumfords,	600	45

READFIELD DISTRICT.

Places.	Salaries Ministers.	P. E.'s claims.
Hallowell,	1,000	50
Waterville,	1,000	80
Swinburn,	1,000	50

Nor is the apportionment made according to the membership of the Churches; for on computation we find that the rate per member varies from fifteen cents and a fraction to fifty-one cents and a fraction. We give a few of the figures:—

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Places.	Membership.	Appor. Amount.	Rate per member.
Portland, Chest St.,	490	\$110	22 1/2
" Pine St.,	348	75	21 1/2
" Cong's St.,	210	60	28 1/2
Casco Bay Islands,	150	30	20
Biddeford,	385	75	19 1/2
Saco,	218	110	50

GARDINER DISTRICT.

Places.	Membership.	Appor. Amount.	Rate per member.
Gardiner,	212	\$80	37 1/2
Bath, Wesley,	160	80	50
Beacon,	300	60	20
Richmond,	180	45	25
Leicester, Park St.,	444	85	19
Hammond,	140	40	28 1/2
Brunswick,	133	60	45

READFIELD DISTRICT.

Places.	Membership.	Appor. Amount.	Rate per member.
Aurora,	337	80	23 1/2
Hallowell,	160	50	31 1/2
Waterville,	216	60	27 1/2
Wintthrop,	321	42	13 1/2
Farmington,	260	70	26 1/2
Swanton,	154	50	32 1/2
Ken's Hill,	74	38	51 1/2

THE OLD GARY SCHOOL.

INVASION OF BIGOTRY.

Some time in the last century, a school-house was built, in the eastern part of Pomfret (and yet stands good), in the western part of (now) Putnam, Conn. "Master Bill" Gary (a hundred of whose descendants now live in, and west of Chicago, Ill.) was the long-time teacher, from whom the house took its name. Sixty years ago this summer, Rev. Jason Walker held funeral obsequies therein, over the body of that sainted man, and followed him to glory two years after. (See N. E. Conf. minutes, 1877.) That occasion, and something that sweet-voiced young minister said, linger in vivid recollection. That school continued to be a "little republic," made up of children and youths of Methodist, Friend, Baptist, Congregational and Universalist parents, who read the New Testament in classes twice a day, played, wrestled, laughed or cried, sung, lived and loved together, as good moral children do; and no liar or tell-tale could find it comfortable among them.

Near by lived on his farm a good old Baptist minister, who preached in this house, as he had no meeting-house, and who visited the school, and was much respected, for years. In process of time, he held a communion service, one Sabbath, amidst a promiscuously seated audience; and while the deacons were distributing the bread and wine, Elder G. repeatedly said, "none but our order will commune!"

Our scholars were numerous present, and heard the exclusive caution given which forbade many of their own parents from partaking of this sacrament; and they carried the remembrance of it into the week.

In that school we were wont to tolerate the Indian or negro child, without partiality to any race, color, age, station or wealth. Aye, I shall never see another more purely republican association, in the old or young! The noble big boy, Zachariah Aldrich, sometimes exalted me, standing on the palm of

his hand, and touched my head gently to the ceiling above, for his own and others' amusement, at noon. The motherly stout girls "teetered" on the fence in summer recess, holding this little boy in their laps; and in cold winter mornings, they did up his aching fingers in a good warm home-spun apron, after he had walked five hundred rods through the snow, to school. But, somehow, a mischievous temptation to imitate parson G.'s "close communion" came over these young folks; and when one offered to join in a game, they asked, "Do you belong to our order?" If not, you can't come in." How long this funny, invidious conduct continued, I am not informed, as I had left school. The good parson moved away, however, and with many of his imitators, "is gone."

The moral some parents learned, was, "Do nothing before your child that you would be ashamed to have him repeat." I remember seeing Rev. George Pickering at communions, and hearing him say, "This is not our table; this is the Lord's table." I hope Rev. G. F. Pentecost will soon be able to say as much.

AN ADMIRER OF MR. SPURGEON.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The First Baptist Church, Baltimore, has sent out forty-one useful miniatures.

The third triennial National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States will meet in Detroit, Mich., on Wednesday, October 17th.

Rev. Hyman A. Wilder, aged fifty-five years, for twenty-eight years a missionary of the American Board, died recently. He was the first American missionary among the Zulus in South Africa.

There are 373 churches in Rome, of which 355 are Catholic, fourteen Protestant, and four Jewish. There is one Protestant church to every 20,000 of the population.

Rev. William Adams, of Bristol, England, has accepted the call to the pastorate of Plymouth Church (Congregational), Philadelphia.

Illinois is confessed the banner State for Sunday-schools. It reports for 1877, 6,231 schools, being an increase of 269 over last year, with 63,954 teachers and officers, and 464,631 scholars—an army of half a million Bible students.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Foreign Sunday-school Association has its headquarters. Its object is the planting and support of Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe. The society reports 566 schools in Germany and Switzerland, with 5,319 teachers and 84,095 scholars.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in the First Congregational church of Syracuse, N. Y., on October 23-25. The sermon will be preached by Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., of New Haven, Conn.; on Wednesday important papers will be read, one by Rev. Washington Gladden, and on Thursday evening an address will be delivered by Rev. Joseph Cook.

Our Book Table.

The awakened taste of the community in practical art—as applied to our private houses and to public edifices, and to furniture and home ornamentation—is creating a demand for a literature upon this subject. The publishers are quick to meet the growing culture in this direction, as are the writers to awaken and train it. Almost every leading book-maker has fresh works of art upon his list of forthcoming volumes. James R. Osgood & Co. are prominently in the field with the NOTES AND SKETCHES OF AN ARCHITECT, TAKEN DURING A JOURNEY IN THE NORTHWEST, FOR EUROPE. The book is translated from the French of Félix Narjoux, by John Peto, with twenty-four illustrations. This is an author's edition, published from advanced sheets. It makes a very handsome small size of 442 pp. The author traveled leisurely over Holland and Denmark, pencil in hand, writing very attractive sketches and descriptions, and presenting illustrations of the most striking and characteristic structures, palaces, churches, houses, bridges, etc. He gives interiors and furniture, as well as exterior views, and, altogether, offers readers of taste and professional students a very delightful and valuable book. Libraries, public and private, will seek a volume so fresh and so practical besides.

From the same house we have the initial volumes of a very attractive series, in miniature form. It is to be composed of the most noted autobiographies in literature, and is edited by W. D. Howells. The first is the remarkable, sharp, witty, graphic diary of Frederica Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baden, daughter of one king and sister of a greater. She was the beloved companion in sorrow and joy of the young prince who became Frederick the Great of Prussia, during their mutual experiences of the violent alternations of love and hatred in the strange household of their father, Frederick William of Prussia. Of the value of this diary, and of the vivacity and fortitude of Wilhelmina, every reader of Carlyle's Frederick the Great has received a lively impression. The introduction by Howells is a gem of itself, and the whole record is a terribly realistic view of life in a palace, a century and a half ago, and of social and civil broils, intrigues, crimes and wretchedness, such as, thank God! are now only known in history. The volume, with all this, is fascinating by its simplicity, its vigor and freshness, and the rare pictures of the men and the times which she paints with extraordinary lifelikeness.

The same publishers add to their Vest Pocket series, FAVORITE POEMS, by Samuel Rogers; IS SHE HIS WIFE? by Charles Dickens; FAVORITE POEMS, by William Wordsworth; and FAVORITE POEMS, by Robert Burns. The first is a very handsome form. THE BIOGRAPHY OF ALFRED DE MUSSET, by his brother, Paul de Musset, translated from the French by Harriet W. Preston, 12mo, 318 pp. Musset has been called the Byron and the Heloise of France, but he differed in many qualities from both his English and German representatives.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—Twilight Fancies, by J. L. Frank; The Pasha Polka, by Henry Pierre Keens; The Yazo Polka, by Maude E. Williams; Acme March, by C. Harry Vane. Vocal—The Two Obolids, words and music by H. P. Lester; Les Petits Oiseaux (Les Franches) by Tavan; The Felling of the Trees, song by Thomas Anderson; Evening on the Lake, quartette, by W. J. D. Leavitt.

From the same house we have a capital volume, a religiously flavored story of average domestic life and adventures, on the land and on the ocean, winding up with a blissful marriage, by a prolific and successful writer of prose and poetry, Martha Farquharson. It is entitled, ELISE'S CHILDREN.

Ginn & Heath issue A COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC GEOMETRY, by Professor Harry Blake Hodges, Harvard University. This course is distinguished from the ordinary in that it is almost purely technical, and is intended to aid students in the German tongue in the reading of works in science, where the terms used are largely technical.

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